

Fisherman's Fiesta to Open Tomorrow

OUR MAN HOPPE

Boob Tube Tip: 'Don't Do That'

Our ever-alert FBI has cracked down on evildoers again. They recently cracked down on a new television show depicting FBI agents in action. The evildoer was a leading actor who had his coat unbuttoned, his hands in his pockets and a cigarette in his mouth. The FBI, according to newsweek magazine, considered this "unbecoming to the FBI image."

The new FBI series is expected to become popular and we can, therefore, expect a spate of new programs glorifying Government agencies. We can also expect other Government agencies to have equally firm ideas on exactly how they want to be glorified.

Indeed, that other promising new series, "Our Budget Heroes," has already run into trouble. The program, as you may know, tells the thrilling, behind-the-scenes stories of our unsung CPAs and their hair-raising efforts to unbalance our towering Federal budget. But the noted producer, Mr. Don Bresnahan, is about to toss in the sponge. Anyone who attended the filming of the pilot show can understand and sympathize.

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SCENE: A huge television set crowded with cables and cameras in the foreground and row upon row of identical desks in the background.

THE DIRECTOR: All right, take your places. We'll start with the crowd scene at the water cooler. Now . . .

MR. PETTIBONE: Excuse me, I'm Mr. Homer T. Pettibone, Assistant Associate Regional Executive Director of the Bureau and I fear the crowd scene at the water cooler is unbecoming to the Bureau's image. After consultation with my superiors we feel, however, that we could allow one fleet-footed actor to zip from his desk, take a sip on the dead run and scurry back to his seat. As long as he doesn't waste more than 3.2 seconds of the taxpayers' time.

THE DIRECTOR: All right, gang, cool the cooler. We'll start with that close-up of Buck Ace, the fighting CPA, working furiously at his desk . . .

MR. PETTIBONE (rubbing his hands): Good, good.

THE DIRECTOR: . . . a frown on his noble brow while . . .

MR. PETTIBONE: Excuse me, no frowns. We certainly don't want to give the public the impression we're worried about anything. Like our national debt of \$316,417,618,923.03.

THE DIRECTOR: Okay, so he's laughing. And he turns to Miss Edna LaNuit across the aisle and says . . .

MR. PETTIBONE (horrified): Good heavens, we can't have any talking in the office during business hours. What would the public think?

THE DIRECTOR: No talking? But how are we going to build conflict? We've got to fill half an hour somehow.

MR. PETTIBONE: Conflict? Within the Bureau? You must be mad. Fortunately, however, I am empowered to read this interesting address on "Bonded Debentures: the Key to the Bureau's Sound Fiduciary Practices" which I just happened to have with me. (Adjusting his spectacles and staring into the camera.) Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking . . .

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As I say, the producer of "Our Budget Heroes," Mr. Bresnahan, is about to toss in the sponge. But I'm glad to say he's already working on another series, "The Insiders"—a moving documentary on the Interior Department, which will answer that burning question on everyone's lips: "What the hell is the Interior Department?"

Mr. Bresnahan feels strongly that it is television's role to glorify unsung Government agencies. And he is determined to do so. If he can just keep the Government from getting wind of it.

COUNT MARCO

You Can't Win This Argument

In a disagreement that involves two persons obviously there is a difference of opinion. But when you disagree with me, there can be no difference of opinion; one has to be right, which is mine.

Instead of fighting me, then, why don't you relax and think about it? Sit back comfortably, reread the column that raised your blood pressure beyond the safety point and think over the hurt.

Why are you so angry with me? What have I said that festered so much that you transferred your hate to me? If you care enough, you'll discover enough to think about. As with many other women who have been saved, the slow dawn of realization will come over you too.

At first you may not care to accept the truth, because

it is the truth that causes the pain. You who refuse to face the truth are selfish, egotistical and neurotic, and deserve your walking papers of divorce.

You who do care about your integrity, your character, will want to do as others have—make amends, because you are intelligent enough to be not only ashamed of yourself but eager to improve your image by doing something constructive about it.

Correcting mistakes is not an easy job. You'll get little co-operation from him, that's for sure. Any change in your manner, deportment or personal appearance will immediately arouse his suspicions—and for good reasons.

Too many of you American wives are sweet, kind, and considerate either because you've done something wrong

or you want something you know you shouldn't have.

"What the hell have you been up to?" will be his natural rejoinder.

It will take several weeks, if not months, of tongue-biting control on your part to keep up the good work. Everything you do that is not like the past will arouse his curiosity, his bitterness and his acidity.

But take heart. After a few weeks he will realize that you are definitely on the upswing, you have seen the light and realize what a good thing he is.

Herein lies the secret of your success: He will assume that you are shaping up because he is so special. Let him think it, because once you get rolling you'll believe it too.



SWORD DANCE . . . Stan Murasky demonstrates the difficult Scot sword dance which he will perform Sunday afternoon at 2:15 during the final day of the Fisherman's Fiesta in San Pedro. Stan's sisters, Fay (left) and Phyllis, complete the "Bonnie High-

landers" trio. The teenagers live at 21835 Winlock Drive in Torrance. Their 71-year-old grandmother is bagpiper for the group. Stan recently won the Torrance Exchange Club's "Search for Talent" contest. The fiesta opens its annual four-day run tomorrow.

Four-Day Event To End Sunday

Mayor Sam Yorty, Supervisor Chairman Burton W. Chace, and Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh head a list of city, county, and state officials who have accepted invitations to attend the 15th annual Fisherman's Fiesta final day activities Sunday at the Port of Los Angeles.

More than 250,000 persons are expected to visit Fishermen's Wharf at the port during the four-day event, which opens tomorrow. Highlight of the event will be the parade of fishing boats Sunday afternoon.

Assemblyman Vincent Thomas, Congressman Cecil King, and City Councilman John S. Gibson Jr., will join District Attorney Evelle J. Younger, Municipal Judges Louis B. Feder and Walter Bills, and other officials during the final day of activity.

Activities will begin Thursday evening with the stuffed animal drawing. Stuffed animals, several gas barbecue grills, and a new color television set will be given away during several drawings.

International food booths will be operating throughout the four days and several folk dancing groups will perform.

One of 14 Los Angeles harbor beauties will be crowned Thursday evening as Skipperette of the 1965 fiesta. Teenage dancing and carnival and boat rides will be featured Friday, while the annual skill contests are planned for Saturday.

The fiesta, one of the most colorful and most photographed events in the United States, will end Sunday with the parade of boats.

Torrance Students Win Honors on Examination

Four Torrance students have been named semi-finalists and 14 have been honored with letters of commendation for their high performance on the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test given last spring.

The are among 14,000 national semifinalists and 38,000 students across the nation recognized for scoring in the top two per cent of students who will complete high school in 1966.

Semi-finalists were John Lemke and Marie Stansbury of North High and John F. Gerhardt and Thomas C. Leavitt of South High.

Commended students include Frances Thompson and Henry Puetz of North High; Judith Elliott, Judith Goldsmith, Paul Kaplan, Steve

Kaplan, Steve Kuchenbecker, Betsy Lister, James McGlothlin, Edward Moss, Ray Rodney, Mark Sleeth, Scott Thayer, and Jamie Watson of South High, and James Crockett, Victoria Hayes, Hideo Masaki, and Kathy McDonald of Torrance High.

Semi-finalists are eligible for further competition.

ALTHOUGH students receiving letters of commendation advance no farther in the merit program, according to John M. Stalnaker, president of the National Merit Scholarship Corp., their names are reported to other scholarship-granting agencies and to the colleges they named at the time they took the qualifying tests as their first and second choices.

Your Second Front Page

Press-Herald

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FEDERAL AID NOT ENOUGH

Citizens Must Recognize Own Duty to Education

By ALPHONZO BELL, Congressman, 28th District
Intelligent young people are America's great resource. Higher education, private as well as public, has responsibility for developing this resource and channeling it into endeavors that have relevance and urgency in our time.

That education beyond high school is today mandatory for most responsible positions is reflected in increased enrollments at colleges and universities. In the past decade, the number of students has doubled from 2.4 million to 4.8 million. An estimated 1,379,000 students have just entered the largest freshman class ever enrolled; they outnumber the veterans

who poured into colleges in the two years immediately following World War II.

Expectations are for continued rapid acceleration. By 1973 there will be 8 million college students. Yet even today our colleges are not prepared to provide the education today's world requires. Increased enrollment outpaces the ability of institutions to maintain such fundamental facilities as buildings and adequate libraries.

HURRIED and frantic efforts of new institutions to accommodate growing numbers of enrollees has taken its toll in the quality of education being offered. Ten percent of the institutions beyond high school have

not met accreditation standards. There are many additional borderline cases. Failure must not be allowed to overcome these struggling institutions.

Education is the single most important weapon in the battle against poverty in this country. Too many talented youngsters are denied the opportunity of attending college because of finances. Without more assistance than is currently available, 100,000 qualified high school graduates each year will never see the inside of a college classroom. The ranks of those with no marketable skills and talents will be swelled by high school graduates who should go on but cannot.

THE COST of furthering an education is often prohibitive. Attendance at a public institution in the academic year 1964-65 was \$1,560, a 30 per cent increase over the average of 11 years ago. A still further rise of 20 per cent is expected by 1970-71. Private college and university costs have risen from \$1,700 in 1954-55 to \$2,370 today. The cost cannot be reduced if any semblance of quality is to be maintained.

A federal program for aiding higher academic institutions is established by the Higher Education Act of 1965. The act provides funds for improving college libraries, facilitates cooperative programs for raising the academic quality of developing institutions, extends the student loans under the National Defense Education Act and provides funds for construction of classrooms.

BUT FEDERAL aid is not enough. We must recognize our responsibility as citizens in a free country to give as much financial support to private colleges and universities as our resources will permit.

CLASS REUNION

Dr. Robert W. Boulger of Torrance is in charge of the reunion luncheon of the University of Southern California School of Dentistry, Class of '40, which will be held Friday at the Beverly Hilton

Ann Landers Says

Another 2 Cents Worth on Liquor



Dean Ann Landers: I just read another letter in your column from someone taking you apart because you spoke out against liquor. May I add my two cents' worth?

I teach school in a metropolitan area. Last year I bought shoes for one little tyke who came to school in the dead of winter wearing sneakers with holes in them—and no socks. The boy's father spends most of his paycheck in the taverns. I went to their home to see the mother and discovered that she is an alcoholic, too.

This is just one youngster, Ann. I could tell you about dozens. For the past 20 years I've seen children come to school ill-clothed, underfed, nervous and exhausted because they get no sleep. Drunk parents often fight all night long.

I know alcoholism is an illness and YOU know it, but why doesn't the alcoholic know it? Why must his family pay such a terrible price? —PENN.

Dear Penn: A characteristic of the alcoholic is his inability to admit it. He will often lie, dissemble and make endless excuses for his drinking. But he won't admit it's a problem. This is why it is useless to threaten or plead with a lush to quit drinking. No one can help him until he is ready to admit that his drinking is out of control. And then he must help himself.

Dear Ann Landers: Last year my husband decided to retire at the age of 62. Clem said he wanted to get out of the rat-race and live quietly. Two months of quiet living drove him nuts and me, too. Clem was under my feet all day and behind me in the kitchen telling me how to cook. When we had a chance to buy a four-family flat I was very happy.

After two weeks Clem fired the maintenance man because "he wasn't doing anything." Clem said he could handle the job in two hours a day.

Well, I wound up "handling the job" and it was five jobs in one—janitor, plumber, electrician, gardener and TV repairman. Clem is never around when I need him. He plays pinocle with the firemen down the block, goes bowling, to the movies, the ball games and yesterday he bought a skateboard.

I've lost 12 pounds and am on nerve pills. When I complain he says I'm a nag. Help, please.—NUTTY HILDA.

Dear Hilda: Do you continue to do five jobs plus your own work while your husband plays cards and scents around on a skateboard then you are nutty.

Tell Clem you have your own work to do and that the apartment chores are HIS. Keep track of the phone calls from tenants who need service. Hand the list to Clem and say nothing. When he learns you won't do it—he will.

Dear Ann Landers: I'm a woman in my 20's who recently accepted a position traveling for a stationary firm. I love my work but I feel inadequate socially.

Several men have invited me to dinner. Is it proper for a man to come to my hotel room to pick me up or should we meet in the lobby? Should we say good night in the lobby or should he see me to my door?

A Memphis man insists on coming to my room. It makes me uncomfortable. I told him how I felt and he said, "It's cornball to meet and say good night in the lobby. Is it?" —SMALLTOWNER.

Dear S.: The lobby is the front door of your home. Your hotel room is your bedroom. If you were home

would you allow a man to see you to your bedroom door?

Tell the Memphis masher to pick up the house phone and give you a call when he arrives. That's what it's for. And lobby farewells eliminate nocturnal debates.

Dear Ann Landers: I've been going with the most wonderful boy in the world. We are both 23. Last night he gave me an engagement ring and I was so happy I cried. I could hardly wait 'till morning to show the ring to my folks. My mother looked at it and said, "The diamond is so small. Aren't you ashamed to show it?"

Ann, I am not ashamed. The ring is beautiful and furthermore, it's what he can afford.

My mother says I shouldn't be so blinded by love that I don't see the practical side of things. According to her if I don't get a big ring now I'll never get one. I really felt awful when she put out her own hand and said, "See this peanut? Well, your father promised to replace it with a bigger one when he could afford it. That was 25 years ago."

My mother says one day I will wish I had listened to her. What should I do?

—PUNCTURED JOY
Dear Punctured: I'm surprised your mother can see anything—with those dollar signs on her eyeballs. Keep the ring and cherish it. You and your mother are worlds apart in your thinking—and I hope you stay that way.

What is French kissing? Is it wrong? Who should set the necking limits—the boy or the girl? Can a shotgun wedding succeed? Read Ann Landers' booklet, "Teen-age Sex—Ten Ways to Cool It." Send \$6 in coin and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope. Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. © 1965, Publisher Newspaper Syndicate.